

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



RECOGNITION BY AN OLD NAUTICAL FRIEND.

## ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER XIII.—A LOOK AT THE OLD PLACE.

A TIDY, active, intelligent little woman placed a plain but abundant repast before the captain and his guest.

"I have taken to English customs," said the captain, "and Dame Tricot is willing to please my taste, however much she may pity it. She cannot talk much English, but you may talk French to her, and if you make her your confidant I am sure that you will win her affections. There's nothing an old

woman likes so much as to be trusted by the young. I believe that if you had committed a highway robbery and confessed it to her she would not betray your confidence. I shall have to go into Lynderton, and perhaps shall not return for some days; but you can remain here, and I'm sure she will take very good care of you."

Harry, however, was anxious to see Mabel. If he did not go at once, something might prevent him. He told the captain, therefore, that he wished to visit his friends at Stanmore.

"Ah! you'll only find the colonel and Miss Everard there, for the captain has got a ship, and gone away again to sea. My young friend, the Baron de Ruigny, is, I am told, a constant visitor there, undoubtedly attracted by the *beaux yeux* of Miss Mabel."

Harry felt uncomfortable. He thought that his friend was wrong in his suspicions; at the same time, he did not like to hear them uttered. The captain agreed to take his horse to Lynderton that it might be sent back, while he proceeded on foot towards Stanmore. Harry set forth soon. From a height which he reached he saw the blue sea stretching before him, the rays of the setting sun lighting up the snowy cliffs of the western end of the Isle of Wight, which rose like a lofty buttress out of the glittering ocean. Several vessels were sailing in and out of the narrow passage between the island and the main land. Some with lofty canvas were standing out into mid channel, others were creeping along in shore, lest during darkness an enemy's cruiser might approach and carry them off as prizes. He was about to take a cut across the fields, when he saw below him a figure sitting on a stile. A rich manly voice burst forth with a stave of a ditty,—

"British sailors have a knack,  
Haul away ye ho boys,  
Of hauling down a Frenchman's Jack  
'Gainst any one you know, boys."

"Come three to one, right sure am I  
If we can't beat them, still we'll try  
To make old England's colours fly.  
Haul away, haul away, haul away ye ho boys."

"That fellow has not much care at his heart," thought Harry, rather disposed to avoid the singer.

Harry went on. He had, however, to ask him to move on one side to let him pass.

"With all the pleasure in my life, my hearty," was the answer. "Why, Master Harry Tryon, on my life!" exclaimed the singer, as Harry jumped over the stile. "Stop, you are not going to cut an old friend, are you?"

"I should scarcely have known you, Jacob Tuttle, if you had not spoken to me," said Harry, taking the seat the other had vacated; "you are grown into such a big burly fellow."

"Yes; a life at sea browns a fellow's phiz, and plenty of beef fills him out; not that ours isn't often tough enough, and more likely covered the bones of an old horse than an ox. But where are you bound to, Master Harry?"

"I am going to pay a farewell visit to some friends, and then I have a great mind to go to sea. I am sick of a shore life, and wish I had gone three or four years ago."

"Not too late now," answered Tuttle. "You are rather old for an officer, and I suppose you would be too proud to go before the mast."

"No, indeed I would not," answered Harry. "I am ready to go anyhow. If I'm worth anything I hope to work my way up, as others have done, and if I am worth nothing I must take my chance with the rest."

"Very rightly said, Harry; active hands like you are wanted. I am thinking of going to Portsmouth to look out for a ship, and if you take my advice you will volunteer on board the same. I will soon teach you your duties, and you will be a petty officer before many months are over. There were plenty of gentlemen's sons on board the last ship I served in, or at all

events they said they were. Some of them were pretty wild blades, to be sure, and were 'King's hard bargains;' but that's not your style, I have a notion, and so, as I said before, come along with me. I will rig you out as a seaman. And now I come to think on't, you are a better one already than many a chap who has been two or three years afloat. There are some cut out for sailors, and there are others nothing can be made of."

This proposition jumped exactly with Harry's present notions.

"I have no time to lose," said Harry, "and I want to get rid of my present long shore toggery as soon as possible."

"Well, then, mate," said Jacob, "my old mother's cottage, where I am stopping, is not far from here, and if you like to come, I'll rig you out in a seaman's suit, which I only got the other day, and never yet put on. You can pay me for it or not, as you think fit; you are welcome to it, at all events."

Rapid action was to Harry's taste. Within half an hour of the time he fell in with Jacob Tuttle few would have recognised in the smart, young, sailor-like-looking lad, the sedate London-dressed merchant's clerk. Harry felt freer than before in his new dress, and promising to return to old Dame Tuttle's cottage, he hurried away towards Stanmore. It was dusk when he approached the house; but he knew every path and sylvan glade in the grounds, and had already thought of the best place in which to watch for a chance of meeting Mabel. By climbing a high paling he got round to the garden side of the house. Lights were in several windows. He could, he thought, approach the drawing-room—Mabel might be there alone. He would then ask her to come out and talk with him. The most secure approach to it was by a long straight avenue overshadowed by trees which led up one side of the grounds. He hurried along it, keeping as much as possible on the turf on one side, that he might run no risk of making a noise, when he heard footsteps approaching, and presently a man's figure appeared in the centre of the walk. Who could it be? It might possibly, he thought, be the colonel, though it was not his custom to walk out at night. Harry drew behind a tree by which he was completely concealed. The person passed on, but so thick was the gloom that Harry could not distinguish his features. By his height it was certainly not the colonel. The person went up the avenue, then turned, and walked once more in the direction of the house. Harry did not move for fear of being discovered: he watched the person narrowly. A gleam of light came through an opening in the trees. He saw clearly the outline of the figure. His jealous feelings told him at once that it was the Baron de Ruigny.

"I thought he loved poor Lucy," he muttered to himself. "But Mabel! can it be to see her that he comes here? I might give her up for her own sake, but I would never yield her to a Frenchman."

He came forward from his concealment, and confronted the young Frenchman.

"We don't allow people in England to skulk about houses," he whispered, seizing the young man's arm.

"Why, I know that voice—you are Harry Tryon. Surely you would not mock me?" answered the baron, not attempting to withdraw his arm from Harry's grasp.

"Mock you! no; but what brings you here? I ask," exclaimed Harry. "I have a right to know that."

"To indulge in my grief," answered the baron. "I have lost one who had won my deepest affections, and I come here, like an uneasy spirit, to wander over the ground on which she trod. Harry Tryon, I thought you knew how I loved her."

"I thought you did, and I now feel sure you did," answered Harry, his anger vanishing. "You know also that I love her cousin; I wish even now to see her. I am very unhappy. I cannot venture into the house. Will you, therefore, act the part of a true friend, and bear a message from me to her? and also will you pass your word of honour not to try and win her affections during my absence? Your attentions might annoy her, and yet you might be tempted to pay them."

"Again you mock me, Tryon," said the young baron. "Can you suppose that my affections, which are buried in the grave of her sweet cousin, should so soon be restored to life? I will, however, give you my promise as you desire it."

It is possible that the young baron's affections were not so deeply buried as he supposed. However, he spoke with sincerity, and Harry believed him. He agreed to go round to the front door, and enter as an evening visitor, and to deliver Harry's message, should he have an opportunity of doing so without being overheard by the colonel or Madame Everard.

Lucy had constructed an arbour with woodwork, interspersed with flowers and paths winding among it. A rustic bridge crossed a sparkling stream, which ran murmuring down in front towards the lake. There was but one approach, so that strangers could not easily find it. Here Harry begged that Mabel would come to him. He sat down in the bower, anxiously waiting her approach. More than once he started up, thinking that he heard her footsteps, but his senses had deceived him. At length he could restrain his anxiety no longer. Had the baron deceived him, or could not Mabel venture out? He wished he had not trusted to another person. He might have written, or he might, by watching patiently, have seen her during the day as she walked about the grounds. He was going once more towards the house, when he saw a figure coming along the gravel walk towards him. He was sure it was Mabel. At the risk of being mistaken he hurried to meet her.

"Speak, speak! Is it Miss Everard? is it Mabel?" he asked.

"Oh! Harry, your voice has relieved me, for not expecting to see you in the dress you wear, as the moonlight fell on you I feared that I might be mistaken. Oh! tell me, what has brought you down so suddenly. The Baron de Ravigny's manner made me very anxious."

"Come and sit down here, and I will tell you all," said Harry, taking her hand and leading her to the arbour. "I have folly to confess. I am lowered in my own sight, and I fear I must be in yours," said Harry, in a trembling voice, very unlike his usual tone.

"What is it you have done?" asked Mabel, much agitated. "Nothing wrong, surely; nothing wrong?"

"Yes, I have done much that is wrong. I was wrong to trust to a false friend, to visit scenes of dissipation with him, to stake money I could not afford to lose, to lose my senses so as no longer to have command over my actions. He plied me with

wine till I knew not what I was about, and during that time I put my name to papers which have brought irretrievable ruin on me. My honour, oh! Mabel, my honour is lost! No one will again trust me."

"But who is the person of whom you speak, Harry? who could gain such influence over you—surely not Mr. Kyffin?"

"Oh! no, no; had I remained with him this would not have happened. He is one whose name I scarcely like to mention to you, Mabel, for he is, I believe, related to you. He is Silas Sleech, the son of the lawyer at Lynderton."

"Oh! he is a man I never could endure, even as a girl. His countenance alone made me always fancy he must be a hypocrite. But how could such a man gain an influence over you, Harry?"

Harry had to enter more into details than he had before done. Still "blessed in the faith of woman," Mabel could not believe him as guilty as he was inclined to consider himself.

"Such is my history," he said at last, "since I parted from you; and now, Mabel, I come to set you free. I have no right to bind you to so lost, so penniless a wretch as I am; and yet with the thought that I might still be worthy of you, I feel confident that I could once more rise to a position in which I might be worthy of your love. I am still young. I have resolved to enter the navy, and work my way up to the quarter-deck. Once there, I may rise to the rank your father holds. He was a post-captain when still a young man, and why should not I be, Mabel?—fame and fortune are before me. For your sake I feel sure that I may achieve them. Mabel, it was this I came to tell you. I could not go away without seeing you, and bidding you farewell. Mabel, pray for me; pray that my life may be saved, and that I may win a name worthy to offer to you. Still believe me, I could love no one but you, though you are free."

Neither spoke for some time.

"I dare not urge you to take any other course," Mabel said at last, "but I wish you could have consulted my kind uncle. He is too ill, however, I fear, to see you; still, he would give you wise counsel, I am sure. I would rather, indeed, that you had remained in London, and, braving the anger of Mr. Coppinger, have exposed the villainy of that wretched man, Silas Sleech."

"It is too late now, Mabel," said Harry; "there are many things I ought to have done, and ought not to have done."

Much more the lovers spoke to the same effect. Mabel did not in any way express her thanks to Harry for offering to give her up. On the contrary, she spoke as if she was more firmly bound to him than ever.

At last, as they sat in the bower, forgetting everything else, the light of a lantern fell upon them. They started and saw before them the tall figure of Paul Gauntlett.

"Why, Master Harry, no one knew you were in these parts," he said, letting the light of the lantern fall on his face; "but you should not have been keeping the young lady out so long as this. Miss Mabel, Madam Everard has been quite in a taking about you for the last quarter of an hour. You must come in at once, and wish this young gentleman good-by, unless he wants to come in too."

Harry knew very well that the old soldier would



not betray him if he put confidence in him. He therefore at once told him the reason of his visit to Stanmore.

"Ah! Master Harry," said Paul, "the only advice I can give you is to come in and talk the matter over with the colonel. He will tell you what to do better than any other man. That's more than I can do. I have learned to obey orders, and I know how to obey them, but I never was much of a hand at giving orders. You, Master Harry, as I say, just come and tell your troubles to the colonel. He is so wise and good that he is sure to show you the best thing to be done."

"I cannot, I dare not tell the colonel," answered Harry. "I thank you sincerely, Gauntlett, but you don't know how he would look on these things."

"Well, well, Mr. Tryon, you must act as you think best, if you won't take the advice of an old soldier who loves you as if you were his son."

Saying this, Paul walked on, ahead, as if to show the way with his lantern, though it is just possible he might have suspected the young people would rather be by themselves for a few minutes, without the bright light of his lantern falling on them.

When Paul got close to the house, he stopped, intending once more to urge his advice on Harry, but when he looked round Mabel was alone. Harry had bade her a hurried farewell and rushed off, unable any longer to trust his feelings, and unwilling to take the advice which he suspected the old soldier would again proffer.

Paul let Mabel come up with him before entering the house.

"Do you know where he has gone to, Miss Mabel?" he asked. "I am afraid he has got some wrong notion into his head, and will be doing something desperate when there's no necessity for it. There are often two ways to look at the same thing, and in my mind he has been looking the wrong way."

"I think indeed that he has," answered Mabel; "but I tried also to get him to speak to my uncle. His guardian, Mr. Kyffin, is away in Ireland. I fear they are the only two people who could have persuaded him to act differently. He told me that he intended to remain for the night at the cottage of Dame Tuttle. You might find him there to-morrow morning, and perhaps his mind may by that time be calmer."

Mabel found her aunt very anxious about her long absence. The baron had gone away some little time before she quitted the drawing-room, so that she knew that Mabel had not gone out to speak to him. She was so thankful, however, at seeing her back, that she did not press her with questions, merely observing: "Since that fearful evening, the commencement of poor Lucy's illness, I have been so nervous, dear, that I am anxious even when you are more than a few minutes absent from me."

Mabel, however, had no wish to conceal the fact of her having met Harry Tryon; for she knew that her aunt would sympathise with her in her sorrow. She felt somewhat relieved when she had told her grief; but though the two ladies talked the matter over, they could see no immediate way of extricating Harry from his difficulties. Mabel was for writing at once to Mr. Kyffin. At length she bethought her of her godfather, Mr. Thornborough. "He knows Mr. Kyffin, Harry has told me, and he would be able to intercede both with him and Mr. Coppinger."

Many other plans were thought of and discussed. The two ladies, however, agreed to wait till the following morning before they settled the one they would adopt.

## MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

XII.—VERSAILLES—COUNT GREGOIRE—PÈRE-LA-CHAISE—PARIS AS IT WAS.

I CHOSE another day for my visit to Versailles. The place was a mere village in the time of Louis XIII, who, as well as his father, Henry IV, used to hunt in the neighbouring woods. Louis XIII having purchased the houses and lands of the lord of the village, built here a small hunting seat, which Louis XIV converted, by his vast and expensive additions, into "the most magnificent palace in Europe," and the village of Versailles grew into a handsome town. The central and principal part of the palace of Louis XV forms three sides of a quadrangle, and encloses the older palace of Louis XIII, which fronts the town, as that of Louis XIV the gardens, in the whole 1,900 feet. Here are eighty-six Ionic columns, arranged in fifteen colonnades, crowned with as many statues as there are columns. They are heathen deities or nymphs, or allegorical representations of the Arts or the Virtues. The palace was built by the famous Mansard. In front, on the west side, is the garden or little park, included in the limits of the great park, estimated to be from twenty to twenty-five miles in circuit. The garden is laid out in terraces, pastures, and alleys, and adorned with statues, vases, and other sculptures; also, a canal in the form of a cross, and fountains supplied with water from the Seine by the great forcing-pump, substituted for the works of Marly.

The interior of the palace was fitted up very superbly by Louis XIV; the most eminent painters decorated the ceilings; and the gilding and sculpture were profuse. But, after the overthrow of Royalty in the first Revolution, Versailles was much neglected; and as neither Napoleon nor the Bourbons did anything effectual for its restoration, it fell into a very dilapidated condition; it was in this state at the date of my visit. The vast palace contains 6,400 rooms, which, stripped as they were of furniture, still impressed the spectator with wonder and admiration. The Grand Gallery, surpassing all the rest in magnificence, is thirty-seven fathoms in length, and is lighted by seventeen large windows, opposite which are arcades, in which mirrors reflect the gardens and fountains. As I passed this splendid vista (with one of the royal footmen, who was very loud and incessant with "Louis Quatorze!") the broad sunbeams fell on the rich gilding of the walls and ceilings, and served to light up the trophied scenes from the life of the renowned and extravagant monarch. Not a vestige of furniture remained, save a clock! As if to keep up the folly of the superb ruin, I found a gilder employed in renovating the chamber of Marie Antoinette, in which the revolutionary ruffians stabbed through the coverlet of the bed, the queen having previously escaped from this room to the king's chamber. The chapel, built by Louis XIV, with its costly Italian marble columns and pavement, retained much of its beauty. The opera-house, added by Louis XV, was remarkable for its size and magnificence; it was also used as a ball-room, on which

occasion the pit was covered by a floor. The whole, at my visit, was fast decaying: the light was almost excluded, the gilding was deeply tarnished, mouldings were flying off, and altogether there was a dusty and deathlike stillness about the place, which, contrasted with the associations of the opera-house, produced an impression of painful melancholy.

The cost of the palace, grounds, and waters of Versailles was enormous, and Louis xiv is said to have thrown the documents into the fire to prevent the amount being known. By some writers the cost is raised to 1,000,000,000 livres, or £40,000,000, or even more; but these are obvious exaggerations. Others, which place it at £12,000,000, are also disputed. It has, however, been ascertained that the money expended on Versailles, from 1664 to 1690, was equal to £6,300,000 at the present day. Amongst items we find that the machine of Marly cost, without the pipes or aqueducts, nearly £280,000. For plate, pictures, medals, etc., not comprised in the above, upwards of £500,000 were expended. The Grand Trianon, and the Petit Trianon, two palaces in the park, were very costly, as were the vain endeavours to convey the water of the Eure to Versailles. In this sad attempt, in which 40,000 soldiers in a time of peace were employed, a great number of lives were lost.

The site of the palace is wonderfully beautiful; and it commands in its prospect five other palaces. I was, however, most gratified with a walk through the palace orangery of trees two and three hundred years old, which will probably be flourishing when the decorative glare of the palace shall be obscured, and the walls crumbling. Whether as a work of art, or in connection with the events of history, you are glad to quit the spot. The town of Versailles, too, was deserted and gloomy. Its magnificence was like the work of enchantment. Its streets are formed like so many grand avenues, leading to the royal palace.

I found more satisfaction in my visit to Count Gregoire, who continued to bear the title of ancient Bishop of Blois. Gregoire was then in his seventy-sixth year, dignified in his bearing, and he had passed through many a stormy period of political strife. He resided in a good quarter of Paris, in great simplicity. I was shown into his large sitting-room, wherein he slept, with an ivory crucifix at his bed-head. He was an intrepid leader of the French Revolution. When Louis xvi was taken at Varennes, and carried back to Paris, Gregoire demanded that he should be put upon his trial. Gregoire was chosen President of the Convention, but during his absence in Savoy, the king was tried and condemned. Gregoire was a leading member of the Jacobins, and proposed and carried the suppression of the Academies. He greatly exerted himself for agriculture and public instruction, often spoke in favour of public worship, was a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and made great efforts to re-establish the church as it had been constitutionally decreed by the National Assembly. In 1799 he became president of the new Legislature, was made member of the Conservative Senate, and soon after created a Count of the Empire, and Commander of the Legion of Honour. France owes to him the establishment of the Board of Longitude. He was a warm friend of science, learning, and learned men, and protected them powerfully in times of terror and vandalism. His enemies admit that in the

Senate he preserved a much greater degree of independence than almost any other man; and he never entirely abandoned the ecclesiastical dress. He was one of the most ardent in favouring the abdication of Napoleon; and in 1815 he inscribed himself on the registers of the Institute against the new constitution proposed by the Emperor. After the Restoration he wrote a long letter to the Assembly in favour of the abolition of the Slave Trade, and ranked, in his efforts, next to Mr. Wilberforce. Gregoire was a man of extensive knowledge, and had written much. His travels and correspondence were of much service to him in writing his "History of Religious Sects," upon which his collection of books was unequalled in Paris. He placed in my hands a copy of Charlotte Nooth's English translation of his "Essay on the Nobility of the Skin; or, The Prejudice of White Persons against the Colour of Africans and their Progeny, Black and of Mixed Blood." This pamphlet had just appeared in Paris; it extends to nearly ninety pages. In the following year a law was passed in France against the Slave Trade, which sentenced those engaged in it to the penalties of banishment, fines, and confiscation.

In October, 1826, died Talma, the eminent French tragedian. During his last illness the audiences of the Theatre Français every evening called for an official state of his health previously to the commencement of the performances. He was buried in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, in the presence of an immense crowd, and orations were pronounced over his grave. Talma is said to have created seventy-one characters: he spoke English perfectly, and was a great admirer of England and her institutions. Immediately after his death there appeared in Paris a long memoir of this great actor. I bought a copy, translated it, and in a day or two sent it to the "Monthly Magazine," if I remember rightly then edited by George Soane, who printed a leaf or two of the manuscript, and replied that the entire memoir would fill the whole of his magazine; but he neither returned me the manuscript, nor sent the pelf. However, the memoir was a very interesting tribute to a man of genius, well exercised in a profession which has had few such artists in its ranks.

On a fine October morning I paid a short visit to Père-la-Chaise, situated on the east side of Paris, and approached by the Barrier d'Aulnay. The cemetery is formed of ground which surrounded the house of the Jesuits, called "Maison de Mont Louis," and was purchased by Père-la-Chaise, confessor of Louis xiv. The situation of Mont Louis, commanding a picturesque and glowing landscape, must have been very beautiful; and Père-la-Chaise added to it pleasure-grounds, flower-gardens, an orangery, etc., all which were afterwards purchased to be converted into a cemetery for the department of the Seine, which was consecrated in 1804. It is now crowded with monuments—temples, sepulchral chapels, funeral vaults, pyramids, and obelisks; cippi, columns, altars, urns, and ornamental tombs; and many are surrounded by enclosures planted with flowers and shrubs.

The most picturesque monument is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, a sepulchral Gothic chapel, formed out of the ruins of the Abbey of Paraclet, founded by Abelard, and of which Heloise was the first abbess. In Père-la-Chaise their remains have reposed since 1817, under the tomb originally erected by the sculptor Lenoir, in the garden of his own

museum. The connection of Heloise with Abelard, their separation, their subsequent lives, spent in penitence and religious exercises, not unmingled with human regrets, have employed a hundred pens: but Pope's far-famed epistle conveys an erroneous notion of Heloise, who died "a model of piety, and universally beloved;" while the real historic interest of Abelard's life turns on the state of knowledge during the age in which he acquired his reputation.

Near this monument is the tomb of Delille, the French Virgil, bearing no inscription but his name. Next it is the altar-tomb of the composer Gretry; and a square monument of Fourcroy, the chemist, with his marble bust in a niche. Towards the valley on the south-west is the tomb of Larbédoyère, the unfortunate officer, who, forgetting his duty to his king, was the first to join Bonaparte, when he advanced to Grenoble, from the Isle of Elba, in 1815. Next is the plain tomb of Madame Cottin, authoress of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia." Farther on is a lofty pyramid, with a bas-relief of Marshal Massena. Near Massena repose the ashes of his friend and companion-in-arms, Marshal Lefebvre. At the eastern extremity of the cemetery formerly stood the lofty square tomb of Marshal Ney, who, upon Bonaparte's return from Elba, swerved from his allegiance to the king, was condemned to death December 6, 1815, and shot the following morning. The monument, owing to its frequent defacement, was removed. In two plain sarcophagi repose the ashes of Molière and La Fontaine, two of the brightest ornaments of human wit. A sculptor was just finishing a neat monument to David, the celebrated French painter. Cambaceres, and Kellerman, Duc de Valmy, lie sleeping here; and the humble tomb of General Foy boasted of far more gratifying tributes of popular affection than are of marble or stone—the railed area of the tomb being filled with wreaths of immortelles. At the angles of the enclosure were inscribed "Zurich, Jemappe, Waterloo," etc. The tombs of Delambre, the erudite philosopher; the benevolent Abbé Sicard; Sonnini, the friend of Buffon; and Count Volney, lie hereabout. To enumerate the philosophers, poets, heroes, and statesmen, who were interred in Père-la-Chaise would occupy many pages. One memorial of a comparatively humble individual is worthy of special notice—a tomb raised by the Duchess de Berri to the memory of a faithful servant.

Leaving Père-la-Chaise, I soon found myself in the vortex of the picturesque old city, in the midst of objects of far less sombre interest than the memorials in the cemetery. In my way home I crossed the Palais Royal, then the residence of the Duke of Orleans, whose equipages, of English build, were very superb. Between the second court of the palace and the garden were then the wooden galleries, lined with 120 shops, for pottery, booksellers, and milliners. From the rapacity of the shopkeepers, this part was called the *camp des Tartares*. The glazed gallery adjoining bore the name of the *camp des Barbares*. This strange old place was not long after removed. The garden was surrounded on three sides by stone buildings, and on the ground-floor a gallery, pierced with 180 arcades, and skirted with shops, *cafés*, etc. The Palais Royal was then considered the central point of the *maisons-de-jeu*, or gambling-houses, so notorious in the narratives of that destructive vice. In one of these dens of infamy Marshal Blucher won and lost very heavy sums during the occupation of

Paris by the allied armies. The oldest *café* under the arcade was the *Café de Foy*, which was as celebrated in Europe as the Palais itself. For sixty years it disputed celebrity with the *Café de la Rotonde* and with the *Café Valois*. The widow of the founder of the *Café de Foy* died in 1842, at the age of eighty-eight, leaving a fortune of 500,000 francs. For more than thirty years here came Vernet to finish his evenings; here he sat enthroned, often till two in the morning, surrounded by a company of artists, men of letters, and men of the world. It was on one of these joyous nights, when some men were repainting the room, that Horace Vernet, whilst his father was letting off his *calembourgs* (puns), seized a brush from one of the painters, and mounting the stove, painted on the ceiling the portrait of a swallow, the bird of good omen, for which I did not fail to look; and there it remained, each successive proprietor preserving it, fully convinced that it brought good luck to the house. Among its eccentrics was a waiter, with lungs so powerful that he could make his "*Versez*" heard from the Perron of the Palais Royal to the Rue St. Honoré. The *Café de Milles Colomnes* was then in high repute. Here the female president occupied a chair made for Joseph Bonaparte, and which originally cost 10,000 francs. The *Café de la Paix* was once a theatre. The *Café des Sultanas* had a sultana five feet eleven inches in height, and weighing 250 pounds. The Palais Royal of this period was described by Galignani as a too fascinating place, which is to Paris what Paris is to every other metropolis in the world—the *no plus ultra* of pleasure and vice, of delight and depravity. In the little world of the Palais Royal, everything to improve or debase the mind, everything to excite the admiration of the ingenuity of man on the one hand, and his weakness and folly on the other, were here assembled in strange and perplexing contrast. I noticed, by the way, the small size of the shops in this Royal Palace, as a sort of set-off to the taunt of "a nation of shopkeepers." Still, the handsome passage Vero-Dodat, if we mistake not, was built from the profits of a wealthy *charcutier*, with a profusion of decoration in design borrowed from the *marbled meats* of his shop. This, and the several other passages, or arcades, were then built as speculations upon the confluence of strangers in the galleries of the Palais Royal—so ingenious are French landlords in turning their street embellishments to profitable account—even much more so than the "nation of shopkeepers."

Journeying onward, I went to look at the new Bourse, just completed. It is an isolated building, standing in the centre of a large square or *place*, and is surrounded by a leviathan peristyle of sixty-four columns, forty feet high, raised upon a solid stylobate. This is considered a fine classical columniation; but its form has been condemned as that of a Greek temple stripped of its pediments. I called upon Sir John Byerley, who then resided in the Place de la Bourse: he received me very kindly, and persuaded me to partake of a *petit verre* of *eau de vie de Dantzique*, with leaf-gold floating in it: he also requested me to take charge of a copy of *Mlle. Tastu's Poems*, recently published, for presentation to Miss Landon, which, however, I had not the gratification of placing in that lady's hands.

The Paris of this date (1826) is described as "one of the very centres of civilisation;" and although still deficient in many of the accommodations which supply to the necessities of the many instead of the



luxuries of the few, in possession of the greater portion of the most important provisions which ingenuity has found out, whether for the comfort or the embellishment of existence. What a contrast between the French capital of 1826, and that Lutetia of the ancient Parisii, which Cæsar found nearly nineteen hundred years ago, occupying the little island which has since extended itself to so wide a circle of wealth, industry, and intelligence, and the works which these create. Yet with what taste, and magnificence, and substantial splendour has Paris been embellished since the period of which I write! all which leads us the more to lament that such superb works have been overtopped by the demon of war, maddened by the abuse of scientific means, reminding one of the definition of war by Burke, in the last century, as "the mystery of murder, and the perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding, burning."

I was domiciled in an old-fashioned hotel (*au troisième*) in the Rue St. Honoré, not far from Meurice's Hotel. I chose this quarter from a wish to be in the midst of the city, lest I should be as unconscious of what was going on as the old lady who, though living in the middle of Paris, neither saw nor heard anything of the Revolution of 1848. I dare say my ingenious and very competent friend, Mr. Sala, in his "Twice Round the Clock," has drawn with realistic skill the Rue St. Honoré of his day, such as he indicated in the clever figures portrayed by him on the staircase wall at Gore House, in 1850. But putting the clock back—I had a good view of one of the arteries of Paris from my hotel window. There was the wide staircase, and the stairs and floors *frottés* with wax, "to give them a polish," and the clumsy windows and lumbering outer blinds. The street had no *trottoir*, and was lighted by oil-lamps, mostly suspended by ropes over the water-course in the middle of the roadway. It was these ropes which the mob, in the Revolution of 1789, were wont to make use of as halters for their victims; whence their infamous cry of *à la lanterne*, as they dragged them along to execution. The busy life of so luxurious a capital as Paris is suggestive to an observant eye by showing how much life is sweetened by exertion; for "the same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas would give bread to a whole family during six months." It is thus that throughout life there is a system of compensation that makes up for seeming differences of condition and circumstance which, at the moment, it may be difficult to understand.

The physiognomy of shops in a capital is by no means an uninteresting one to the collectors of *bric-à-brac*; you not unfrequently find a notable picture with a pedigree which it is by no means safe to trust. I bought some Dresden china of a dealer on the Quai Voltaire, upon the assurance that they had belonged to the philosopher of Ferney. The *confiseurs* present innumerable varieties of artistic sugar-work; even the *charcutier* displays taste in his stock of comestibles—everything being made to appear as tempting to the *gourmet* as possible; the *boucherie* was a model of cleanliness; and the *restaurateur's*, with its viands served upon bright silver, its *café-au-lait* poured from *cafetières d'argent*, and that nice attention to appearances which is so essential in matters of the mouth—in all which the Parisians are unsurpassed. Some of the *cartes* of the *restaurateurs* contain upwards of three hundred dishes. I dined one day off "three courses and a

dessert" for fifteen sous, an experiment which I did not repeat.

A short walk led me from the scene of toil in the Rue St. Honoré to perhaps the grandest street architecture of the period, and at once to the gardens of the Tuileries, a luxury for the people in the heart of the city. The gardens of the palace of the Luxembourg are, however, more retired, and of great extent; the elevation of the grand avenue to a level, we are told, required earth and gravel which were accumulating ten years.

But the most remarkable feature in the general appearance of Paris was the inner enclosure formed by the celebrated road called the Boulevards. We have nothing in England like them. They may be generally described as a road of great breadth, along each side of which are planted double rows of trees. But they do not present merely a picture of rural beauty. Rising as they do in the heart of a great city, they partake also of its artificial elegance and splendour, and are associated with all the richness of architectural decoration. The crowds, by whom so many parts of the northern boulevards are frequented, chiefly give to the scene its motley liveliness and brilliancy. The southern boulevards, though equally beautiful, are not so much the habitual resort of the citizens; but the walks, on this very account, have a charm for some moods of mind which the others want. They remind one of what the poet Crabbe said of Kensington Gardens, "they have a very peculiar effect, not exhilarating, I think, yet alive and pleasant." How often have these beautiful avenues been uprooted, or brought down by the axe to aid in the sad work of destruction with *barricades*. The latter war appliance, by the way, was known in London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The quays of Paris are unequalled by any city in Europe. They were constructed in the reign of Napoleon I., are said to have cost twelve million francs, and are nearly fifteen English miles in extent. The Seine is a running and not a tidal river; and had it extensive commerce, it could not be laid out in so agreeable a manner, some of the quays affording the pleasantest walks in Paris, except the boulevards and public gardens. Of the Champs Elysées in 1826 I have said enough. The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile had just been resumed, after the final success of the French army in Spain. The Bois de Boulogne, about two miles from Paris, was mostly felled in 1815, when the British troops, under the command of Wellington, established here their camp; a kind of town succeeded to luxuriant groves, and streets named after places in England extended along the road where the Parisians had been accustomed to display their equipages. The Bois de Boulogne was replanted. From time immemorial it has been the arena of the barbarous practice of duelling, and Galignani adds: "Several thousand Parisians and foreigners have perished upon this spot since the prejudices [or, we should say, wickedness] which induce men to kill each other coolly has been introduced into France."

The *Café Hardy*, on the Italian Boulevard, had acquired a reputation for frogs, about which "Galignani," dated 1827, adverts to "the absurd prejudice still prevalent in England against the natives of France for eating frogs, which is deemed by the English to be a mark of poverty and wretchedness. The truth is that the French do eat *fricasséed* frogs, which are of a peculiar kind, fattened in a particular

manner, and of which it requires a great number to make a small dish, as the thighs only are used for that purpose. They are an acknowledged and exquisite luxury, and are rarely to be met with on account of the excessively high price." But I must onward. The first ortolan I tasted I ate in Paris, and some quizzing friends, suspecting my partiality, sent to my hotel, anonymously, a large bag of truffles. We must remember that no less a man than Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts.

Just as the placard of "Vin Neuf" appeared in the shop-windows of the *marchands*, announcing the arrival of the current year's wine, and "Marrons glacés" appeared at the confectioners', I had to arrange for quitting Paris, previous to which I had the ill-luck to have two Bank of England notes stolen in remittance by post. My complaint at the post-office in Paris was lightly treated, and the secretary was much ruffled at my suspicion that both the bank notes had been stolen in Paris; but so it proved. My case, with several others, was laid before Mr. Canning, who was then our Foreign Minister, but nothing further came of the matter. So, I forthwith packed up, and left Paris by the diligence late in December: I had but one fellow-passenger, who, on the road, requested my company in the *coupé*. He was returning from the French capital laden with Christmas presents for his family, not forgetting the *dindons aux truffes*. Through a deep snow we reached Calais next morning, crossed to Dover, and outside the mail on Christmas eve, as mild as a summer's night, I reached London just as the coal fires, by their smoke, indicated the preparation of Christmas cheer.

#### WANDERING NEGRO MINSTRELS.

THE man who goes about with a black face, and in a fantastic garb in which the preposterous and absurd are carried to the utmost length, and who in this guise attracts and fascinates the crowd—in other words, the artificial "nigger"—is altogether a modern invention. Our grandfathers knew little about him; they may be said to have caught but a glimpse of him, and hardly to have known him in his full development. For the musical negro was (the original type of him at least) an importation from the other side of the Atlantic; though whether he cropped up at first in the Southern States during the days of slavery, or whether he was the embodiment of a Yankee idea elaborated in the interest of anti-abolitionist principles, is not at all clear—it is not a matter, however, which at this time of day is worth inquiring into. Whatever may have been his transatlantic origin, he made his appearance in this country about the close of the reign of William the Fourth, and was already, though in a rather crude and tentative way, perambulating the streets and suburbs of London when her present Majesty came to the throne. The first professor of this black art harmonious who came to London took in a manner the whole town by storm: as Jem Crow he jumped into celebrity at once, and became popular among music-and-fun-loving folk with a bound—so popular indeed that the simulated Ethiop was quite a "star," remaining in the ascendant for a considerable time, and suffering no eclipse until he had realised a considerable fortune.

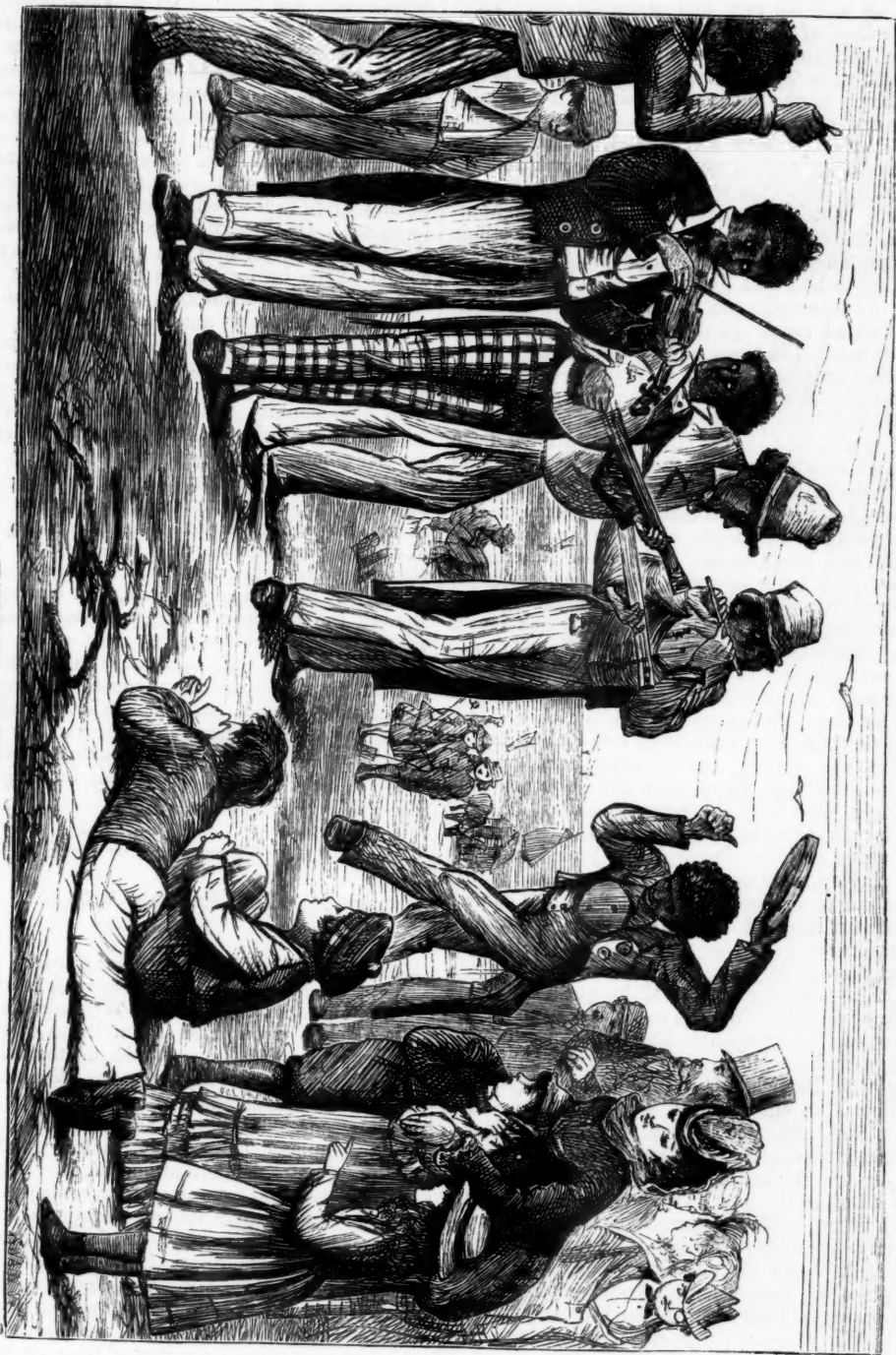
Whenever a speculation of the recreative kind is

successful in private hands it is sure to be imitated in the public ways, and therefore the advent of the nomadic negro gangs in the streets was the inevitable result of the approbation and reward reaped by the professionally-trained bands in music-halls and concert-rooms. The odd gesticulation, the childish broken talk, the droll jokes, mingled as they were from the very first with music of a character entirely new, played with tolerable skill, and often sung with hearty humour and real pathos, could but take with the populace, and it is no marvel that these performances were encouraged. The cleverness manifested even by the roving troops is often surprising; some of these eccentric professors really work wonders, not only with the fiddle, which they will torture in a kind of galvanic way—over the head, behind the back, under the leg, etc., etc.—but with the seemingly impracticable banjo, the penny tin whistle, and the clattering bones; while the perfection with which they often sing in harmony is of itself a standing refutation of the oft-repeated libel that we English are not a musical people. In the matter of dress, moreover, there is a wide field for the display of a species of humour dear to the lower classes, who are quick to understand and appreciate the satire so liberally embodied in the absurdly travestied costumes of persons of importance or pretension.

It is not, however, to the fun, the frolic, the drollery, the black faces, and the ridiculous costume of these wandering minstrels that we are to attribute their enduring favour with the public that patronises them. The grand merit of their performance must be fairly ascribed to the character of the music they give us, taken of course in connection with the skill of the artists. This music was a new thing to English ears when first introduced, but had it been only a novelty we should have heard the last of it long ere now: it was a great deal more—it was real music, and it had a meaning, and the common people were too good judges of the article to allow it to fade out of hearing.

What we happen to know of these singular productions may be stated very briefly. The "negro melodies" were brought to England under that title about the year 1833 or 1834, and were offered by an American to a publisher in the Strand. The publisher was not himself qualified to judge of their merits, and he handed them over to a *littérateur* accustomed to supply occasionally musical critiques to the newspapers, requesting his verdict with regard to them. The critic denounced them all as vulgar rubbish; the publisher accordingly refused to have anything to do with them, and thus their circulation in England was postponed for some time, though not for a very long period. When the redoubtable Jem Crow achieved his grand success, attention was of course drawn to the companion melodies, and one after another they made their appearance. Perhaps the odd mixture of humour, simplicity, and pathos in "Uncle Ned" did as much as anything to recommend them; that moving ditty was sung everywhere—in the drawing-rooms of the rich as well as in the mean abodes of the very poor, and for months you could not walk abroad of an evening without hearing it in the streets. The success of the whole series was astonishingly rapid; and what is specially noteworthy is that this success met with no opposition, and has never, even by the most fastidious professors, been made a reproach to the people, though the





WANDERING MINSTRELS.

melodies have now been current among all classes for nearly forty years. The reason, doubtless, is that, for the most part, the genuine negro melodies are what they pretend to be—they *are* melodies (not mere rhythmic phrases), and they are to a large extent original as well as racy and characteristic. They have a drollery of their own which is irresistible when they are felicitously rendered, and they have a pathos still more irresistible, and which seems to tell of its source in the bitter oppression of a naturally cheerful and merry-hearted race; and they have a further charm, perhaps more effective than either their humour or pathos, or than both combined, in that childlike *bêtise* (the word admits of no translation here) which characterises them throughout. There is, therefore, nothing to marvel at in their ready acceptance by the English people (accustomed at that time to be bored by the merest rubbish foisted on them by those who controlled the music market),—who wanted music good and cheap, and found what they wanted in these novel importations.

From the sadness—almost solemnity—of some of the negro airs, the idea was at one time entertained that these had been plagiarised or transformed from our old psalm and hymn tunes. We have been pretty familiar with most of these compositions, and can say with perfect truth that we have never met with a single one of them traceable to such origin. At the time when the negro airs came up, the English psalm and hymn music, and that of America as well, was, with a few splendid exceptions, too poor, too meagre, thin, and idealess to be worth stealing, or to serve any other use than that to which it was applied. Since then, thanks greatly to Novello, who set the example, we have almost entirely re-created our psalmody, which is now really rich in melody as well as harmony, and is growing daily richer. It is not true that the negro melodies owed anything to the psalm-tune writers; on the other hand, we are hardly so sure that psalmodists have not now and then caught ideas from the negro melodies. At any rate, it is quite true that some of the very wildest airs in this series may be changed into psalm tunes by merely playing them in very slow time. The reader can test our assertion by playing, with full chords, in the time of the Old Hundredth, Jem Crow, probably the most grotesque in the whole collection. Not that there is anything strange or very remarkable in this—a good melody will be good, play it in what time you will. We can remember—indeed, we could not easily forget—how Paganini once brought his large audience to the very brink of sobbing by playing “St. Patrick’s Day in the Morning” in a minor key as an adagio; and it is well known that Madame Malibran once melted the whole audience at Madrid into tears by a somewhat similar rendering of “Polly put the kettle on.”

Like all other things which the public admire, the original negro melodies have had to submit to so-called improvements at the hands of professional improvers. In some the old simple harmonies have given place to more scientific counterpoint, and in others passages have been altered to suit learned tastes. We pass no judgment on these metamorphoses, merely observing that the main charm of these airs lay in their simplicity and naïve quaint artlessness—graces which hardly admit of intermeddling.

The wandering nigger bands meet us almost everywhere during the months of summer. They are

present not only in London streets, but at country fairs, and markets, and other rural assemblies. The pedestrian often encounters them along the turnpike-roads, and they are no strangers to the lads and lasses of our villages and hamlets. In the outing season they are sure to be at London-super-mare, wherever that may be—at Brighton, Hastings, Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, and wherever else invalids, holiday-makers, and idlers love to congregate. At the seaside it is sometimes their custom to affect a kind of state and mock dignity. You may chance to see them riding grandly in huxters’ carts, assuming the air of aristocrats in their carriages, and bowing with condescending urbanity to common people afoot, as they drive to the sandy beach, their place of performance. Or they go in procession on the backs of chartered donkeys, and you note that they are then armed at the heel with one gigantic spur, and that they flourish whole fathoms of whip to the sound of a tin trumpet very much battered and very big. Bones is invariably tremendous in his gravity, and the banjo brothers put on the airs of ministers of state, while the whole troop sustains a ponderous kind of solemnity which is charmingly discordant with their high shirt-collars, extravagant frills, lofty towering hats, and long peak-tailed dress coats.

As a rule, these nomadic vagabonds contrive to elicit very agreeable music from their queer instruments, while they sing effectively their long catalogue of airs in parts with capital effect. It is their continual practice, of course, which makes them so perfect. One might dispense with their blackened faces, though the laughter-loving populace would hardly relish them so well with a clean skin. Generally their songs are amusing, small wit causing much laughter; sometimes they touch sentimental and burlesquely pathetic strains. In low London neighbourhoods we have heard songs of a rather broad and coarse kind, and we can only hope that these were not “regular” nigger melodists, but low imitators trading on their popularity.

## THE ROMAN WALL.

### II.

DESCENDING from St. Oswald’s towards the river, we once had a pleasant surprise, such as often occurs to the tourist in this region. We looked over a gate into a field—green grass and nothing more. But a look at our ordnance map told us that the Roman lines were coming down across it. We entered. We were soon crossing them at right angles, and at once became conscious of most marked rising and sinking of the ground. There was withal a “method in the madness” of this undulation. A deep depression on the north side was coming on from east to west straight as a line; then there was an elevation equally direct in its course, and parallel to the depression. The depression was the fosse of the wall; of that there could be no doubt. Presently, loose rubbly stones, with old weather-beaten look, peered through the grass on the elevated ridge. A closer scrutiny showed what at first seemed the face of the rock in its native bed, but which soon appeared as unmistakable masonry, block regularly set by block, and the edge of the lowest course of the wall running in line for twelve or fourteen feet together. We were again on the foundation of the wall.

Continuing to descend, on the other side of the road, a conspicuous piece of the wall remains, thirty-six yards long, with five courses of facing stones in some places entire. It is a wonder that even this remains. Ruthlessly has the hand of man fought against the continued life of this grand monument of antiquity. Our limits do not allow us to describe the stones, cement, and construction of the wall; but we may remark that, so perfect was the work of the mason, it could not but have remained to our own day, had the hand of the spoiler been restrained. We ourselves doubt the moral right of so-called proprietors to waste that which is the inheritance of the whole nation. The English people have a deeper interest in these stones and mounds of earth than any landlord can have; and though, alas! the latter may have legal right to pull down and to destroy, he can have no moral right to despoil the race of Englishmen and (so to speak) to erase history, that at a cheap rate he may build barn or pig-sty. These remarks are suggested by a passage from Hutton which speaks painfully enough for itself: "Had I been some months sooner I should have been favoured with a noble treat; but now that treat was miserably soured. At the twentieth milestone I should have seen a piece of Severus's Wall, seven feet and a half high, and two hundred and twenty-four yards long—a sight not to be found in the whole line. But the proprietor is now taking it down to erect a farmhouse with the materials. Ninety-five yards are already destroyed, and the stones fit for building removed. Then we come to thirteen yards which are standing, and overgrown on the top with brambles. I desired the servant, with whom I conversed, to give my compliments to this gentlemen, and request him to desist, or he would wound the whole body of antiquaries. As he was putting an end to the most noble monument of antiquity in the whole island, they would feel every stroke."

Still nearer the river, in the garden at Brunton, is another remnant of the Wall itself, seven feet high, and presenting nine courses of facing stones. The mortar of the five lower courses is harder than when it was first laid.

The road from Newcastle to Carlisle, which has so far run nearly the whole distance upon the line of the Wall, now diverges to the right for two or three miles, to return, however, again to the Roman lines. Most happy divergence! Had it been otherwise the road would have cut into and cut up some of the most magnificent works. A little before reaching the line of railway known as the Waverley route to Edinburgh, a gently elevated mound is all that indicates the undoubted site of a mile-castle. Cross the line! Over this meadow to the plantation that skirts the river! Keep on the line of the Wall! Remember that on the other side of the river stands Cilurnum! Now over the hedge which separates the field from the plantation! Here is the superb masonry of the abutment, whence sprang the bridge which spanned the river to the "castra stativa" on the other side!

For long the foundations of the piers had been seen, in certain states of the river, in the river bed. But a few years since it was pointed out by Mr. William Coulson of Cambridge, that under the trees of that plantation, under the deposit of sand and gravel out of which the firs grew, must be the eastern abutment of the bridge. At the proprietor's word down came the trees, and away with care was barrowed the superincumbent rubbish, with this result,

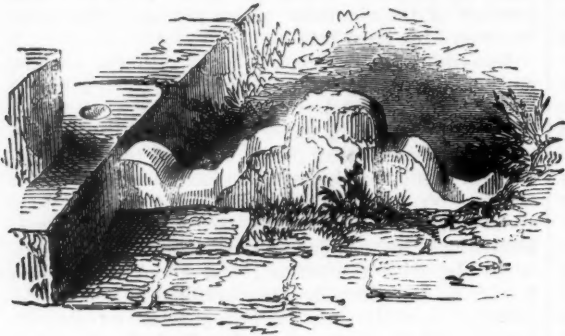
that here, in a sort of excavated amphitheatre, is now exposed without exception the most splendid monument of Imperial Rome in Great Britain. The burying of the abutment under silt has preserved it in astonishing freshness.

Describing the bridge, we begin with the eastern portion of its remains. Out of the rounded and slightly elevated ground of the adjoining field comes the Wall itself, standing eight feet high, a piece ten or twelve feet long being exposed by the excavations. This terminates in a square castle or tower, standing on the abutment of the bridge, and now about eight feet high. The face of the abutment, from which the roadway of the bridge would spring, is parallel with the stream, and about twenty-two feet long; but the sides are bevelled off so as the better to resist the thrust and the eventual recoil of the waters. The extant northern bevelled edge is about fifty-three feet in length; the southern about eighty. The river has retired from the eastern side, with this effect, that the eastern abutment stands now high and dry, whilst the western's foundations are submerged and in far less complete a state of preservation. In many places five courses of facing stones remain, giving a height above the foundation course of six feet. The stones are massive. All have been placed by the aid of the luis, and have been bound together by rods of iron imbedded in lead, the grooves for the rods, and in some places the lead, remaining. The facing stones are tastefully ornamented with feathered tooling. Imbedded in the centre of the abutment is a piece of masonry of the exact form of a pier. It is now supposed that this pier once stood in the river (which has always shown a tendency to recede westward), and was one of the piers of the original bridge, built by Agricola. The present structure is the work of Hadrian, but repaired and adorned by Severus. Several stones among the *débris* will repay minute examination. The platform of the bridge was of timber, and was carried over three water piers, two of which, under certain lights and in favourable conditions of the river, can be seen in its bed. One lies now buried on the eastern bank. The western abutment has been of the same form and construction as the other, but is now quite submerged. Mr. Clayton, in a paper in the "Archæologia Æliana," says: "Those who have seen the magnificent remains of the 'Pont du Gard' (justly the pride of Gallia Narbonensis) lighted by the glorious sun of Languedoc, may think lightly of these meagre relics of the bridge of Cilurnum, under the darker skies of Northumberland; but it may be safely affirmed that the bridge over the Gardon does not span a lovelier stream than the North Tyne, and that so much as remains of the masonry of the bridge of Cilurnum, leads to the conclusion that this bridge, as originally constructed, was not inferior in solidity of material and excellence of workmanship to the mighty structure reared by Roman hands in Gaul."

A delightful walk up the river, through the fir plantation to the Chollerford bridge, will enable us to be on the other side. The views in the neighbourhood of the bridge are very lovely. A walk down the stream again leads into the grounds of Chesters, the seat of John Clayton, Esq., in which lie the ruins of Cilurnum. Exquisite peeps of river, mill, wood, and distant hill (including commanding Warden, with its treble-trenched British encampment) are obtained. Arriving again at the site of the bridge, the first thing is to try through the sheen and flash



of the swift rough water to see the western abutment. Hang by a branch out over the river, and

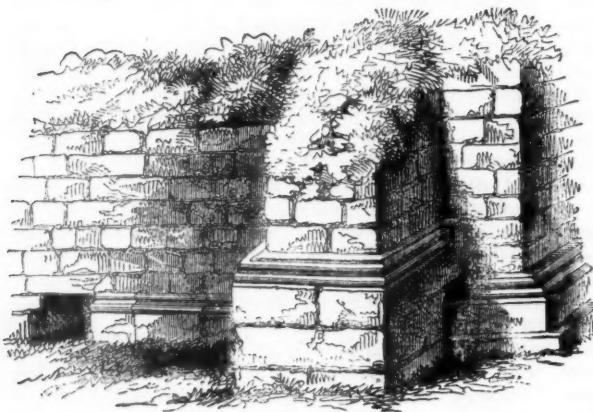


RUTS IN A GATEWAY AT BORCOVICUS.

endeavour to pierce the sky reflections, which dance upon the surface like a thousand living glittering sabres. Let the sky be clouded and the sun darkened, and you will be successful.

On the western bank, close to the bridge, is the Roman city. It commands the gorge, through which the river forces its way. The form is that of a parallelogram, with rounded corners, and the area six acres. The ramparts are most distinct; in some places the superincumbent soil and rubbish have been removed, and several courses of masonry are seen in excellent preservation. The Roman Wall ran direct from the bridge to the northern cheek of the eastern gateway of the station. Part of it has been uncovered. Between the station and the river the ground is very uneven, and stones are peeping through the grass. These are the ruins of suburban buildings, all erected on the safe side of the barrier. The northern and eastern gateways have been excavated; the position of the other two can be ascertained from the dip in the line of rampart. The eastern is in a tolerable state of preservation; the sockets in which the pivots of the doors moved, the central stone against which they struck, the guard chambers on either side, are all to be seen.

Entering the city at the north-west angle, we



AT CILURNUM.

enter a very narrow street. Another, leading from it at right angles, conducts to the grand entrance of what appears to have been the principal part of the pretorium. The steps are worn by the tread of feet. There is nothing so impressive in all these ruins as these worn steps. At Borcovicus, ruts of the chariot wheels, eight inches deep, are to be seen. Such traces give an intense human interest to the solitary streets and deserted halls. They bring near the soldier-citizens, whose feet hasten to duty or pleasure no more. For fourteen centuries they have been dwelling in the world that is invisible, for all live unto God. It is impossible not to think of the poet laureate, as within hearing of North Tyne, on its way to the river, which below Newcastle bears a navy, we gaze on these foot-worn flags:—

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.



AT CILURNUM.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

"I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses.

"And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone, all gone.

"This saloon," says Dr. Bruce, "must have been a place of general concourse. Can it have been the hall of justice, or the place where the commander of the station transacted the business of the district under his charge?" The floor is most likely supported on pillars, with warming flues beneath. In an adjoining room

was found a cistern or bath, lined with red cement, in good preservation. In yet another room we can see the mode of forming the floors. Beginning at the top, we have first a covering of thin flagstones; then a layer of composite cement, five inches thick; then another set of flags about two inches in thickness; and lastly short pillars supporting the whole, which are partly made up of square flat bricks laid one on the other, and are partly of stone, evidently fragments of columns and balusters, which had been used in some prior structure. Remains of the furnace, which warmed the suite of apartments, are to be seen, the soot in the flues as though the produce of yesterday. The beautiful mouldings on some portions of the masonry are remarkable. Nearer the centre of the "castra stativa" is a curious vaulted chamber, supposed to be the treasury of the station. An immense number of relics has been found here of every kind. Cilurnum was one of the most important fortifications on the line, as is evident from this amongst other circumstances, that several Roman roads converge upon it.

The general features of the other stations that have been examined are similar, but each has its own peculiarities. One of the most striking objects on the whole line is at Housesteads. Between the eastern and northern gateways is a solid platform of masonry about twenty feet square. It is reasonably conjectured that on this stood a catapult or other engine for the projection of missiles on the heads of besiegers attempting the crags which defend the north of the station. The visitor will see the missiles, about a hundredweight each, of rounded or conical form, still lying on the platform. There are evidences that another ballistarium existed a little to the west of the northern gateway. Outside the station at Housesteads another interesting feature may be seen in certain lights, but only when the sun's rays, casting relieving shadows, bring out the lines. There can then be seen unmistakable traces across the moorland of Italian terraced gardens. We saw them once under favourable circumstances, and our sketch-book shows to the east of the station three terraces, and to the west six or even seven.

Returning to Cilurnum, a few steps down the river bring us to the lovely spot where the soldiers of the second wing of Astures were wont to bury their dead. "Never," says Dr. Bruce, "was spot more appropriately chosen. The river here descends with more than usual rapidity over its stony bed, and bending at the same time to the left, exhibits to the eye the lengthened vista of its well-wooded banks. No earthly music could better soothe the chafed affections of the hopeless heathen mourner than the murmur of the stream which is ceaselessly heard in this secluded nook."

Our object is accomplished, namely, to describe for the stranger "The Mural Barrier of the North of England," for we

"love these ancient ruins,  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history."

In these days, when Chaucer's words are again so true—

"Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages,"

let our advice be taken—if possible get a glimpse of Dr. Bruce's seven-guinea folio, or three guinea quarto,

on the Roman Wall; then take for companion the cheap and handy "Wallet Book" by the same author, and make a pilgrimage of the Wall from sea to sea.

H. T. R.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ELIZA FENNING.

On receiving the following communication our first impulse was to suppress it, as enough seemed to have been said about the sad and painful story of Eliza Fenning. But on second thought, considering the importance of the subject, and feeling that it is a "crucial instance" or "leading case" in this branch of criminal jurisprudence, we allow the matter to be argued out by the writer of the articles.

We may remind our readers that the subject of "circumstantial evidence" was introduced in the "Leisure Hour" on the suggestion of the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Frederick Pollock, who kindly supplied some valuable manuscript notes and references to published cases. He thought it advisable that there should be more information of a popular kind on so important and difficult a subject. The articles in the "Leisure Hour," especially those discussing the case of Eliza Fenning, bring the whole question fully before the law student and the general reader.

*To the Editor of the LEISURE HOUR.*

SIR,—In the "Leisure Hour" of July 1, a writer signing himself "G. H.," in discussing the case of Eliza Fenning, assumes that I was ignorant of what he terms "remarkable testimony" of the poor victim's guilt. He is in error. In my brief notice of the case I did not think it worth while to allude to that supposed testimony, which was scouted by the commonsense of the public when first made known.

The Scotch Dean of Faculty knew well what he was talking about, and was quite right in regarding the execution of Eliza Fenning as a judicial murder; and I think no disinterested person looking candidly at all the facts will seek to gainsay his opinion.

It will be remembered that the sole evidence against Eliza Fenning was, that she had made the dumplings containing the poison. No proof was offered that she had procured or ever possessed any poison; while there was unquestioned proof that she had herself eaten of the dumplings, and had in fact suffered more from so doing than any of the others who partook of them (no one, be it noted, having been more than temporarily injured). The evidence of Mr. Turner, the medical man examined at the inquest and trial, is conclusive on this latter point. Is it conceivable that a poisoner would partake largely of the poison she had administered? Is it conceivable that a person guilty of poisoning would leave the evidence of her guilt open to the observation of every one? Yet, if Eliza Fenning was a poisoner, she did this, for the dish in which the dumplings were mixed was left untouched till the next day, when it was found containing a portion of the poisoned food.

Doubtless, after the death of the poor girl, looking to the irrepressible excitement of the public on her account, it was extremely desirable to produce a confession, or something tantamount to a confession. Ultimately, therefore, a turnkey, or some subordinate official of the gaol, was induced to come forward and swear. He would not swear to a confession, but he swore that Eliza's father had begged and prayed her

to deny her guilt. On being asked if any one was present when her father urged his entreaties, the fellow forgot himself, and affirmed that the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary, was present; he asserted, moreover, that the father pressed his entreaties on several occasions, and that the Reverend Ordinary was present each time. But what said the Ordinary when appealed to to confirm this official's assertion? He said *nothing*! Mr. Cotton maintained a rigid silence as a sole response to oft-repeated questionings on the subject—a silence, as Sir Samuel Romilly observes, as eloquent as any speech could be. It must be added, further, that the poor girl's father made a solemn affidavit to the effect that the testimony of the prison official was utterly and totally false.

No! the confession so much desiderated to excuse the criminal haste of the Recorder and his jury could not be obtained. There was no possibility of obtaining what did not exist, and it would not do to manufacture one so long as the relatives of the slain victim were above ground to defend her reputation. But after forty years had elapsed, and not till then, this alleged confession made its appearance in the "Times"—to the no small surprise of those who were familiar with the facts. Then, and not before, the Baptist minister of Church Street, Blackfriars, was first heard of by the public, in connection with the case, after he too was dead, and could not be put in evidence as to the extent of the confession, and the whole circumstances of his visit. "He was a very excellent man," we are told; but whatever he was, one thing is strange, that any man with the commonest sense of right and justice, could be in possession of proofs of this girl's guilt afforded by her own lips, and yet keep that fact a secret month after month and year after year, while the Recorder and his jury were writhing under the infamy of a deed which they must have been falsely accused of committing!

One would think, from the anxiety that has been shown to hush up or misrepresent the affair of Eliza Fenning, that judicial murder was a thing unknown among the justice-mongers of the last generation. But what say our records on this point? Any one who needs information in this respect need only consult the Reports of the Commissioners on Criminal Law, published, if I am not mistaken, about the year 1836; there he will learn that three brothers of the name of Cremming (one of them but eighteen), for whom Daniel O'Connell was counsel, were hanged, and were afterwards found to be innocent. He will find a case cited by Mr. Harmer, where two men were executed for a crime of which they were subsequently shown to be not guilty. He will learn that Mr. Wilde, *during but seven months of his shrievalty*, saved the lives of *six innocent persons* who had been actually ordered for execution. The first case was that of Anderson and Morris, who were preparing to go forth to the gallows when the respite arrived. The next was that of a man accused of forgery, who had pleaded guilty on being promised by Mr. Cope, the City Marshal, that if he would so plead he should be spared; after the sentence Mr. Cope forgot all about him, and but for Sheriff Wilde's interference, seconded by the prompt humanity of the late Sir Robert Peel, the deluded fellow had been executed. The next case was that of two destitute Irishmen convicted of a crime in which they really had no part, and whose innocence was fully proved by direct evidence submitted to the Secretary of State. The last case was

that of one Brown, left for execution for a robbery of which he knew nothing. The rescue of these six men from their terrible doom was not effected without the most indefatigable and unsparing labour on the part of the noble-minded sheriff. He was countenanced, however, and greatly assisted in his endeavours by the late Baron, then Sir Frederick, Pollock, who described the cases as most of them cases of *perfect and entire innocence*, and the others as cases of innocence as to the capital part of the charge.

I might heap up examples of this kind, tending to prove the prevalence of judicial murder during the close of the last and the first decades of the present century; but I have no wish to sicken your readers with such ghastly details. The truth is, we have been all too slow in coming to our right mind with reference to death punishments. Human life was at a dreadful discount among judges and juries even within my own recollection. Fatal verdicts were returned by juries, and received by the public, with a kind of savage satisfaction. Miserable wretches dangled in rows from the Old Bailey drop, and the demoralised and degraded crowd drank in their dying agonies with a grateful relish of the grim circenses which the administrators of the law complacently awarded them. So rabid had grown the "gallows hunger" that the expectant mob was often seen to rage at the disappointment occasioned by the arrival of a reprieve at the last moment; and it was plain, could they have had their way, that they would have ordered the execution to be carried out. Horrible to think of! Yes, but hardly more revolting, to my mind, than the attempt to blast the reputation of an innocent maiden after consigning her to a shameful death.

#### THE WRITER OF THE PAPERS ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

[All controversy about the case of Eliza Fenning is at an end, now that the confession of the real murderer has been made known for the first time. (See the "Leisure Hour" for August, p. 420.) A "judicial murder" of so painful a kind is never likely to occur in the more humane and cautious jurisprudence of our times.]

#### CIVIL SERVICE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A FEW clerks in the General Post Office some seven or eight years ago purchased a chest of tea at wholesale price, and a division was made between them. From this fact, the idea struck these gentlemen that they might do something on a more extended scale. They consulted together and constituted a committee to organise a small concern in order that they might obtain their groceries and other articles at wholesale prices. Small premises, of a very unpretending kind, were taken in Bath Street, Newgate Street, and from this little dépôt they drew supplies. Tickets were issued at half-a-crown each per annum to members of the Civil Service, and at five shillings each to the friends of members of the Civil Service. At first this was confined to members of the Post Office establishment only, but gradually extended to all the different departments of the Civil Service. A general committee was eventually formed for the entire direction of the establishment, each several department sending a representative to this

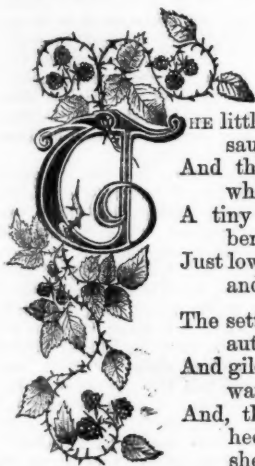


committee. From this general committee there were sub-committees formed for directing various branches of the warehouse. A chairman and secretary were also chosen, and in about two years from first opening in Bath Street, much larger premises were taken in Monkwell Street and Hart Street, where they have now assumed extensive proportions.

The present condition of this Association may be gathered from a glance at the balance-sheet for the half-year ended 28th February, 1871, presented at the half-yearly meeting of the Association, held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, on Thursday, 27th April, 1871. We should, however, first state that there are one pound shares issued, payable by instalments. The number now issued amounts to 2,410. The possessors of the shares are civil servants only; indeed, by the rules of the Association no outsider can become a shareholder. The shareholders only have the right to attend and vote at meetings, and are the responsible persons who conduct the business, through the representative committee, and are accountable for the safe keeping and working, as well as pecuniary liabilities, of the concern. Ticket-holders belonging to the Civil Service at 2s. 6d. each amount to the large number of 2,742, and 14,983 tickets at five shillings each were issued during the year to their friends. At the half-yearly meeting the gross profit on the trading for the half-year was £31,746 19s. 2½d., which, added to £1,894 2s. 9d., the amount received from other sources of revenue, makes a total gross profit of £33,641 1s. 11½d. Goods were bought during the half-year to the amount of £262,692 8s. 7d., and sold to the amount of £282,816 3s. 1d. The stock in hand was valued at

£57,546 18s. 5½d. The working expenses, including depreciation of furniture, fixtures, etc., were £18,618 11s. 6d., which, deducted from the gross profit, leaves a net profit for the half-year of £15,022 10s. 5½d. The working expenses at present stand at £6 11s. 7d. per cent. There is a very large staff employed at Monkwell Street, the City establishment, and in premises for the west at Long Acre. There is a secretary at £500 per annum; a treasurer, £100; an assistant-secretary at £200; also a staff in the secretary's, accountant's, grocery, hosiery, clothing, fancy goods, and stationery departments, as also cashiers, servants, porters, etc., which cost for the half-year £10,856 18s. 3d. The profits are devoted to the reduction in prices of goods sold at the stores. During the half-year the sales of the following different articles were thus:—Grocery and wine, £150,094 1s. 2½d.; hosiery, £74,036 4s. 9½d.; fancy goods, stationery, etc., £58,685 17s. 1½d.; giving the gross total of sales of £282,816 3s. 1½d. The trading account for the half-year amounts to considerably more than a quarter of a million of money.

From these facts and figures it will be seen that great success has attended the business operations. In fact, the success has encouraged other associations of the kind, one of which especially we have heard referred to as belonging to the Civil Service. But the Civil Service Supply Association has no West-end dépôt except in Long Acre. At this store, as at Monkwell Street, there is no profession of great cheapness; in fact, most of the goods may be obtained for the same prices in ready money at almost any establishment; but the motto that is adopted is this, "Quality is the test of cheapness."



### In a Country Lane.

THE little ones are thirsty as they  
saunter home from school,  
And they hurry up the bank to  
where, so silvery and so cool,  
A tiny streamlet trickles down,  
beneath a spreading beech,  
Just low enough for chubby hands  
and pouting lips to reach.  
The setting sun is glowing on the  
autumn-tinted leaves,  
And gilding with a richer gold the  
waves of ripening sheaves,  
And, through the tangle of the  
hedge, warm rays their glory  
shed,  
Round laughing faces peeping out from hoods of  
blue and red.  
The lane is deep and shady, and the treasures hidden  
there,  
Judging from shouts of glad surprise, are very rich  
and rare,  
And oh! the thrill of wild delight in happy eyes  
expressed  
When—grand discovery—a boy pulls forth a mouse's  
nest.  
And then the tempting bramble-wreaths invite the  
babes again,  
Their pretty mouths with blackberries so sweet and  
ripe to stain;

And many a brown nut slips its sheath to share,  
poor little thing,  
A bursting pocket with a knife, six marbles and  
some string.

And then the wayside flow'rets, and the graceful  
nodding grass,  
Seem blooming only for small hands to gather as  
they pass;  
And there are velvet lichens too, and moss-cups to  
be found,  
There is no end to all the wealth with which these  
banks abound.

And so the happy moments of the autumn afternoon  
Steal by, and evening's veil of mist is falling all too  
soon;  
Then as the glow-worm lights her lamp, the little  
tired feet  
Turn slowly to their cottage homes, across the spring-  
ing peat.

Oh! little ones, I wonder, in the years that yet shall  
be,  
When lingering memory calls to mind that lane, and  
rill, and tree,  
If you, rememb'ring the bright days when you were  
girls and boys,  
Would-welcome childhood back again, with all its  
simple joys.

MARY FRANCES TUPPER.

## Varieties.

**PRAYER AND HYMNS IN BOARD SCHOOLS.**—The resolution of the School Board for London is as follows:—"1. That, in accordance with the general practice of existing elementary schools, provision may be made for offering prayer and using hymns in schools provided by the Board at the 'time or times' when according to section VII, sub-section II, of the Elementary Education Act, 'religious observances' may be 'practised.' 2. That the arrangements for such 'religious observances' be left to the discretion of the teacher and managers of each school, with the right of appeal to the board of teachers, managers, parents, or ratepayers of the district. Provided always, that in the offering of any prayers, and in the use of any hymns, the provisions of the Act in section VII and XIV be strictly observed, both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made to attach children to any particular denomination."

**CENSUS RETURNS.**—*England and Wales.*—It appears from a return presented to Parliament, that the population of England and Wales, as enumerated on the 3rd of April, consisted of 22,704,108 persons, of whom 11,040,403 were of the male, and 11,663,705 of the female sex. This number is exclusive of soldiers and sailors on foreign service and of merchant seamen abroad; and it shows an increase of 2,637,884 persons (1,264,144 males, and 1,373,740 females) since the Census of 1861. In the same period the number of inhabited houses has increased by 519,527; that of uninhabited houses by 75,484; and that of houses in progress by 10,502; making a total increase of 605,513. The uninhabited houses are those in which no person slept on the Sunday night preceding the enumeration; but, in towns, many of the houses so returned are occupied for business purposes during the daytime. The total increase of population is absolutely greater than any that has been previously recorded; but the increase was relatively greater in every decennium between 1801 and 1841 than it has been subsequently to the latter date. *Ireland.*—The first report of the Census Commission for Ireland has also been issued. It is based upon the summaries made out by the enumerators, who were taken from the metropolitan police and the constabulary. The Commissioners do not apprehend that it will be necessary after revision to make any serious alteration in the figures, which have been carefully compiled. It will not create much surprise, considering the drain of emigration for so many years, that the population shows a decrease as compared with the last census. The present total is 5,402,759; in 1861 it was 5,798,967. The emigration returns from Irish ports show that 846,958 persons have left the country during the ten years, and it is estimated that if it were not for this circumstance the population would now be 6,297,265, assuming the excess of births over deaths to continue in the same proportion of '32 per cent. There has been a decline in the population of Dublin to the extent of nearly 10,000. In Belfast, on the other hand, the increase has been 42·41 per cent. The religious denominations are thus apportioned:—Roman Catholics, 4,141,933, showing a decrease of 303,332, or 8·06 per cent., as compared with the last census; Protestant Episcopalians, including persons who returned themselves as members of the "Church of Ireland," or "Irish Church," 833,295, being a decrease of 10,062, or 1·45 per cent.; Presbyterians, 503,461; Methodists, 41,815; Independents, 4,485; Baptists, 4,343; the Society of Friends, 3,334; and other denominations assumed to be Christian but not returned in distinct classes, 19,935. The latter consist of travellers, Moravians, temporary lodgers, and mendicants. The Commissioners remark that only in the cases of 20 families have any complaints or objections been made to the returns. *Scotland.*—The population of Scotland is 3,358,613, being an increase of 296,319 since 1861. The increase in the principal towns has been 183,114, or 20·90 per cent.; that of the smaller towns, 37,850, or 7·53 per cent., while the rural districts contribute to the addition only 18,821, or 1·32 per cent. The inhabitants of Edinburgh number 196,500, of whom 88,860 are males and 107,640 females. The population of Glasgow is now 477,144, comprising 230,389 males and 246,755 females.

**LETTER ON THE LOSS OF A SON.**—BISMARCK NOT ALL IRON-HEARTED.—The following extract is from a letter written some years ago by "the blood and iron Chancellor" to his brother-in-law on the death of his son. It represents Prince Bismarck's character in a very different light from the portraits of his enemies. The readers of the "Leisure Hour" have already known how to form a higher estimate of the man, from articles written by those who have known him personally. ("Leisure Hour," Nos. 765, 776, 999):—"Such a blow is so completely beyond the

reach of any human consolation; and yet it is a natural desire to long to be with those we love in sorrow, and with them to mourn. It is the only thing one can do. A heavenly Father could not well befall you; to lose such an amiable and promising child, and with it to bury all your hopes—hopes that were to have been the joys of your old age—is a grief which, long as you live, will never leave you. I feel for and with you, in painful sympathy. In God's powerful hands we are helpless and without counsel, and (except in so far as he will help us) can do nothing but humbly submit to his visitations. He can take from us all that he gave, and leave us utterly lonely; and our grief for our losses will be all the more bitter in proportion as we show it by rebellious murmurs against his almighty will. Do not, therefore, let murmuring and rebellion poison your natural and just grief, but try to realise thankfully that a son and daughter still remain to you, and in them, and even in the thought that you have during fifteen years possessed a beloved child, try to look on yourself as blessed in comparison with many who have never had children, and never known parental joys. I will not trouble you with weak attempts at consolation; I would only say that, as your friend and brother, I feel your sorrow with you, and am moved by it in my very innermost soul. How all small grievances and annoyances, which are necessary ingredients of life, disappear before the iron stroke of misfortune! The remembrance of my repinings and desires appears to me now in the shape of a reproach for forgetting how much God gives, and how many dangers daily encompass us without our falling a prey to them! We are not to love this world, neither to regard it as an abiding-place. Twenty or thirty years more, at the best, and then we shall both be far beyond its cares and sorrows, and our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will recognise with surprise the fact that life, which seems but freshly begun, is already going downhill. 'It would not be worth while to dress and undress if all were over with that!' Do you remember these words of a Stolpmünder travelling companion? The thought that death is but a passage to another life will, indeed, not lessen your grief, for you might have believed that your beloved son would have been a dear companion for the time you were on earth, and would have kept your memory fresh in the hearts of those who should come after. The circle of those we love grows ever narrower, and only begins to widen again when we have grandchildren. At our age no new friendships can replace those which have died out. Let us, then, hold all the faster together in love, until death shall come and separate us, as it has separated us from your son—who knows how soon."

**ROTHSCHILD'S HOUSE.**—It is recorded that one day one of those gentry, who delight in the cry, *La propriété c'est le vol*, called upon the Baron. He was seated alongside his clerk, who was also a member of the secret police. "Herr Baron," said the visitor, "we have come to the conclusion that you have much money locked up in yonder safe, which might be much better employed, if scattered among us others in Fatherland." "I believe, friend, that I am worth about forty million of dollars," quoth the Baron. "Now, how many Germans are there in all Fatherland?" "Well, counting the Archduchy of Austria, about the same number of souls." "Well," said the Baron, "take this thaler, and you have got your share." "Oh, Baron," said the abashed visitor, "I can't receive this." "Can't receive it! what do you mean, sir?" "I mean I am not a beggar." "Beggar or not, your words have prompted me to give it you; come, take your share," holding up the dollar, "let the other forty million come for theirs." The stranger turned and beat a hasty retreat.—*From Duncan Craig's "Incidents During the War."*

**A MONSTER HOTEL.**—The Pacific Hotel, Chicago, which is in course of erection, and is expected to be open next spring, covers an area of nearly an acre and a half, with dimensions from east to west of 325ft., and 186ft. from north to south, and a height of 104ft. The cost of the building will be about \$800,000. The hotel is built of the Amherst (Ohio) sandstone, and already its great façades bid fair to add a noble feature to the architecture of the city.—*Architect.*

**PITCAIRN ISLAND.**—Their school is excellent; all the children can read and write, and in the election of magistrates they have female suffrage. When we went on deck, Adams asked us a new question, "Have you a 'Sunday at Home' or a 'British Workman'?" Our books and papers having been ransacked, Moses Young prepared to leave the ship, taking with him presents from the stores.—*Sir C. Dilke's "Greater Britain."*